

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 11, 1880.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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50¢ Postage free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

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The Revision of the Bible.

At first it is inclined to think that a new translation of the Bible, may obliterate some passages which are dear to those who have loved and worshipped this Book from their youth, or that it may make additions which may tend to disturb their faith, or place weapons in the hands of those who are regarded as enemies of religion. All these fears are groundless. For the past ten years the most learned and eminent biblical scholars of the world have been engaged in revising the translation and completing a new revision of the Bible. It will be published at once in England by the Queen's printer, and will be re-published in this country and cheap editions will be issued, so that it can be at once placed in the hands of all. This is a very important event in the Christian world, not only to the believers and regular readers of the Bible, but to everybody who knows how to read.

Outside of the sacredness of this Book, the Bible is recognized in every land and clime, and by all people, as the highest standard of English literature. It is composed of the three great elements of all literature—History, Philosophy and Poetry; for in it we find the facts of History, the truths of Philosophy, and the gems of Poetry, blended together in every page of the great volume, from the first announcement in Genesis, to the last words of John the Evangelist, on the Isle of Patmos. It is well in silence at the history of the several translations of the Bible and understand why the new version was made. The first complete version of the Scriptures in the English language was issued by John Wycliffe just five hundred years ago. It was made from the Vulgate or commonly received Latin version. It was printed from blocks cut by hand, although about this time paper made from rags began to take the place of parchment. John Purvey and others made a revised shortly after Wycliffe, which displaced his work. In 1515 William Tyndale at Worms, printed his version of the New Testament from the original Greek. To him the English Bible owes more than to any other laborer, although a few years later Coverdale, who had been associated with Tyndale, made a new translation, which being subsidized by Henry the Eighth to the Bishops, was approved and ordered to be placed in the churches.

In 1535 Archbishop Crammer made a move for another revision, and as a result appeared "Matthew's Bible," called also the "Great Bible" or Crammer's according to its editors. This was the authorized version under Edward the Sixth. In 1550 the "Geneva Bible" was completed which was the work of refugees on the Continent, prominent among whom was Coverdale, who had devoted his life in making the best translation that could be made of the Bible. The Geneva Bible was the first that was translated from the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New. The Bishop's Bible was issued in 1572 and was the work of a number of learned men who devoted four years to the work. In 1582 the Rheims New Testament was translated by Roman Catholic refugees. Our present English version was made by direction of King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, he finding among his subjects a great demand for a new revision. Upon the motion of Dr. Reynolds of Oxford, in a conference at Hampden Court, the King appointed fifty-four learned divines to undertake the labor. They were to adhere as closely as was practicable to the translation of the Bishop's Bible. Seven of the fifty-four appointed died before the task was commenced.

The translators were divided into six companies, two of which met in Oxford, two in Cambridge, and two in Westminster. Their work was begun in 1600 and finished in 1611. This version has now been in use two hundred and sixty-five years, and been commonly accepted by persons of all classes and shades of religious belief, but at first it encountered great obstacles through strong prejudices, and its introduction was bitterly opposed. It is not claimed that the men engaged in making the new version are more holy or learned than were the men for the time, who made the King James version. For their day these men were eminent for their learning, and prominent for their conscientiousness and piety. But the English language in the reign of James First, was poor and meager compared with its present richness and perfection.

This new translation is a revision of revisions, and the men engaged in making it have only striven to give the English speaking world, a version of the Bible, the most perfect that could be made. The labors of two hundred and seventy years, with all their wealth and acquisition have not been in vain. Under the mellowing influence of time, the barrenness, rigidity and want of melody in the ancient tongue have disappeared, and our language now has a strength and energy and harmony and capacity of expression, almost infinite. This new translation will bring out many of the hidden beauties of the original Scriptures. The work has not been accomplished by men who have had doctrinal bibles to ride or any set theories to advance. The first scholars in the world have been engaged in the work, and no clause was made except upon a two-thirds vote of the whole number engaged in the work. That this new revision will meet with great opposition cannot be denied. A large class of people always oppose any change, but that it in time will be adopted and take the place of our present version is inevitable.

The translators were not only a book of devotion and religious faith finding its way everywhere, and being better known than any other book published, but as has been truthfully said. "It is in every printing of the book as surely as the dictionary. It is on the parlor table of every family and on the desk of every man of letters, whatever be his faith. It is in every Court of Justice, whether great or small. Its expressions enter into the literature of our language more than those of any other book ever printed." therefore the revision of such a work, as the new edition of it, concerns every one who reads or speaks.

The book is a book which contains a grander history, none which treats of a lottery science, none more fully disclosing the great principles of right and wrong.

power of truth, and none which can so much amuse and fascinate by its unrivaled splendor and beauty. It cannot but add to knowledge, growth, and strength of character, to familiarize ourselves with the great events of its history, and practice the beautiful teachings of its philosophy. "Let us remember that all the lamps of worldly wisdom, concentrated in one focal blaze, cannot light our path so securely as the rays that shine out from the pages of this wonderful Book. It stands a mighty light-house on the shores of Time, flashing its beams far out over the dark ocean of Eternity, setting

The steamer W. H. Withers, of Boston, having 19,696 passengers, and was nearly full, when he came to the port of Liverpool, which will show the time to which it has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for payment.

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Poetry.

Dear Grandmother:

(Grandmother passes with stately tread
Forward and back through the quiet old room,
Out of the freight, dancing and red,
Laid down her head, laid down her head;
Forward and back, in her silken dress,
With its falling ruff of frost-like lace;
Laid down her head, laid down her head;
In the faded lines of her fine old face.

Warm on her breast in his night-gown
Like a bird in the nest his little brood
Till the tiny ones sleep, the little brood
Forward and back, in her silken dress,
With its falling ruff of frost-like lace;
Laid down her head, laid down her head;

Grandmother's children have left her now;
The large old house is a shadowed place;
But sitting in the chair, gazing
Out at the like stars, come the baby's face.
She lies where of old her father lay;
Softly she sighs, softly she weeps strain;
Till the years intervening are swept away,

Then the life of joy's morning is here again.

Grandmother's gray head is bending low
Over the cradle, over the cradle;
The steps of her pathway are few to go;
The baby's little star comes the baby's face.

You have known of his childlike love
Brightens the evening that else was drear;

And it is often a frosty night above,

The light of her blessing will rest on me.

Our Story Teller.

SAYED BY THE DOCTOR.

An Australian Adventure.

The episode I am going to relate occurred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is, I have no information, as nothing of the readers are acquainted with the part of the world there except, to the very limited extent, that they will remember that there existed one or two large streams within a wide radius. I had just come to Australia and partly a Newfoundlander, but of that river, there were stands about twenty years ago, a hut, which was known as the Homestead as the Deep Water Station; and it was here that my lot placed me as a shepherd. I lived at the Deep Water Station for two years.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am, I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in Scotland, and that I have been a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectations formed of me. This night, while I write, I can still hear the faint voices of the men associated in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and some times struggling with a wild, strong impulse to wander and work through the country. I have many fond recollections of my former experience. I like the red sunset and the wild plains as much as ever; like the glow of the sunset among the granite gorges; like the rippling waves of the water—the way the shadowy peaks of the silent hills—the bright, still moon—the wilderness away from towns; like the Australian life, but not among the many stories of white, and black, and red, men. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully, and enjoyed my bush-life; with little profit, it is true, but with much of pleasure. All I have done for my master and his household, as wife, is a long, ugly scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I was always sitting at the hut (the Deep Water Hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim, blue hills; long shadows of the hills were cast upon the ground; the hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river just tipped with a crimson glory, and stars seemed dropping like silver specks on the dark sky. Long Mat, the shepherd, was late, and I was waiting for him. The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon after the white fleeces were seen along the horizon, thrown out the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the quick, muffled fall of a horse's feet became audible, and the cattle were heard to come to the door at the arrival of Mr. S., the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill," and as anything else, he said.

"He must be quick," said Mr. S., "the black devils have struck a light on us. Look!"

Our eyes were intently scanning the movements of the savages through the loop-holes, and we saw a famished brand of savagery, the air, the fire, the spear, spars in all directions.

"The savages of the silent hills—"

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a punkin of tea, and contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him inquiringly. He kept his eye, wandering over and around the flock, while he explained: "Wall, you see sir, after seein' the spear wound on the cravat, I stopped and turned my sharp, but couldn't standin' till I went to the beth there, when I sighted one of the varmints wriggin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a pill, but he was too close, and then another; and I continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

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"They're too close," replied the shepherd, after filling a punkin of tea, and contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both Mat and myself; but there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather a good fellow, but he's not far off, they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them pass the belt before you came."

At that instant the shadow of a man dashed the door, and Mat entered the sentinel. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me: "I've seen that devil with the blazing log? When he gets close to the window open the door, and take your gun. Take care of your spear yourself."

"As soon as the black fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long little door with some noise, and Mat fell to the dust, in a dozen spatters passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall off through one of us was mortally wounded."

"It's like hell without," he said.

"I'm afraid I'll be shot, sir, but there's a little anxiety, 'the fellows are about. I hope you'll get in order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

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